

Do my good-morrow to them; and anon
Desire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight,
Go with my brothers to my lords of *England*:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry*! [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou ſpeak'ſt cheerfully.

S C E N E II.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Henry. Ev'n ſo: what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welſhman*.

Pist. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon ſaint *David's* day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
leſt he knock that about yours.

Pist.